

LITTLE CHICK'S STORY

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
INCLUSIVE OF ALL TAXES
R 35

By Mary DeBall Kwitz

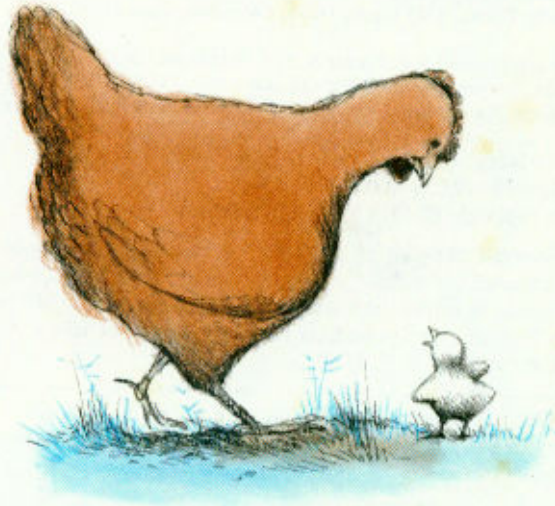


Pictures by Cyndy Szekeres

An Early I CAN READ Book

Weekly Reader Books presents

LITTLE CHICK'S STORY



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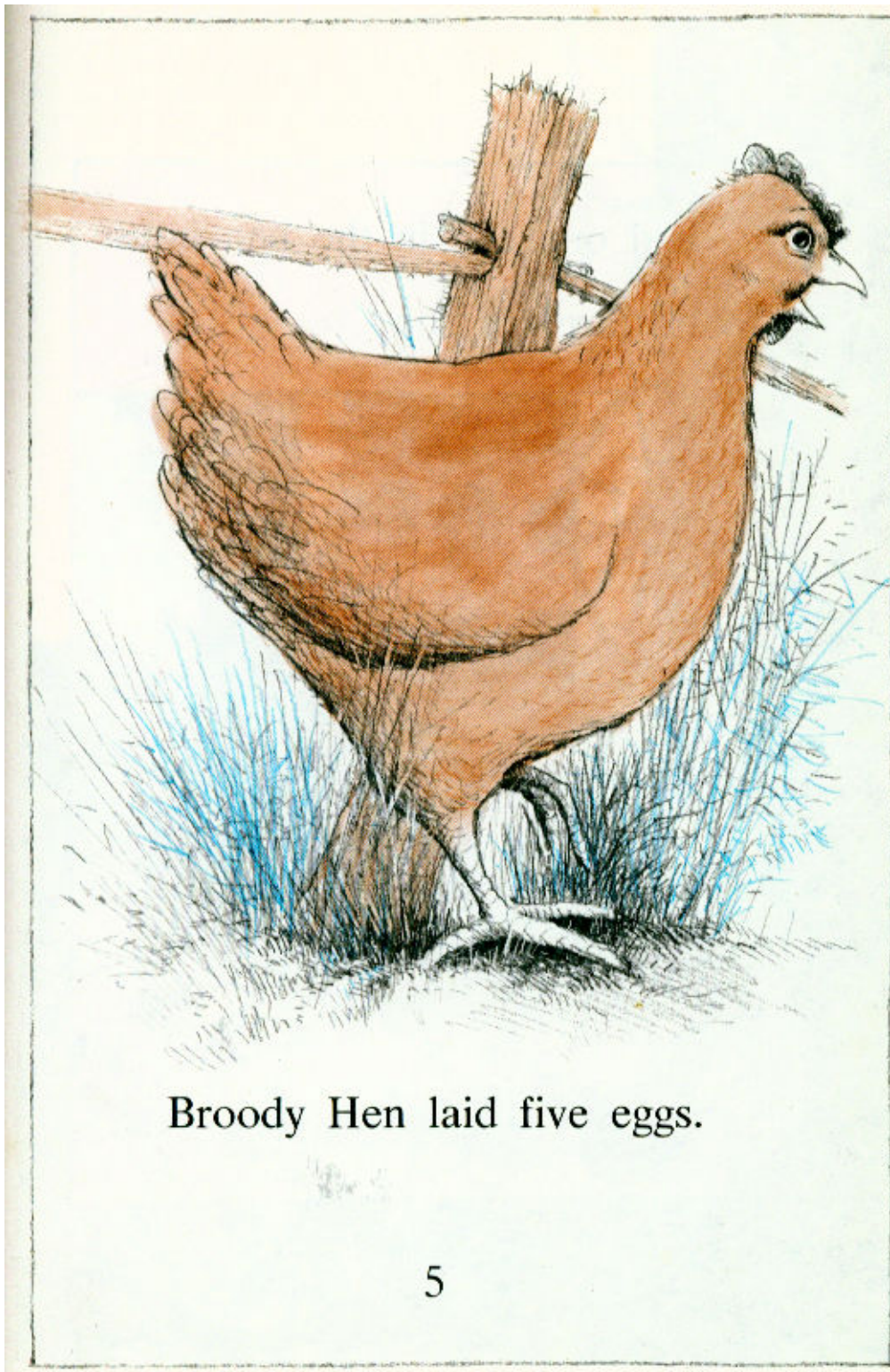
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An Early I CAN READ Book

Harper & Row, Publishers

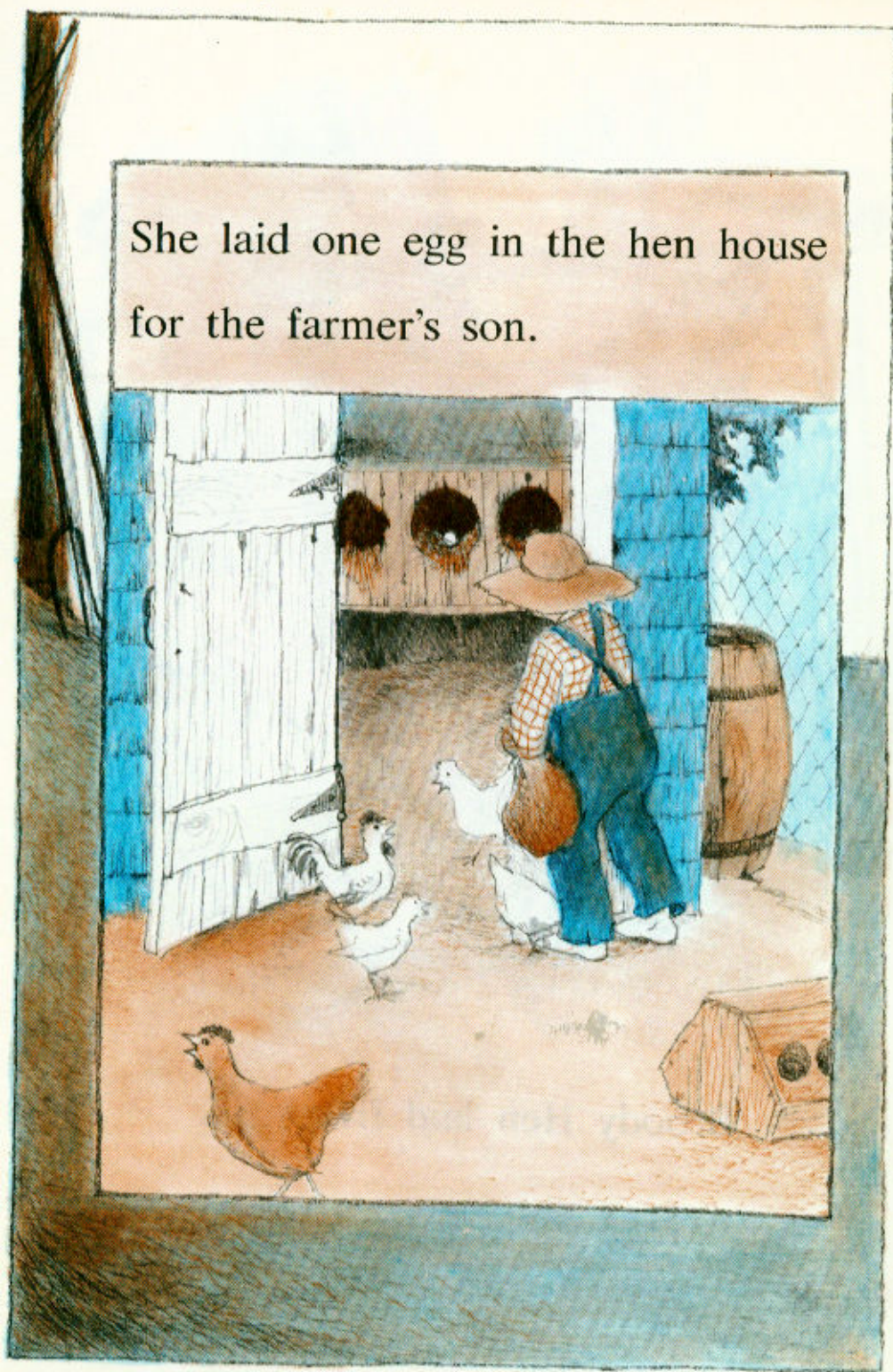
New York, Hagerstown, San Francisco, London

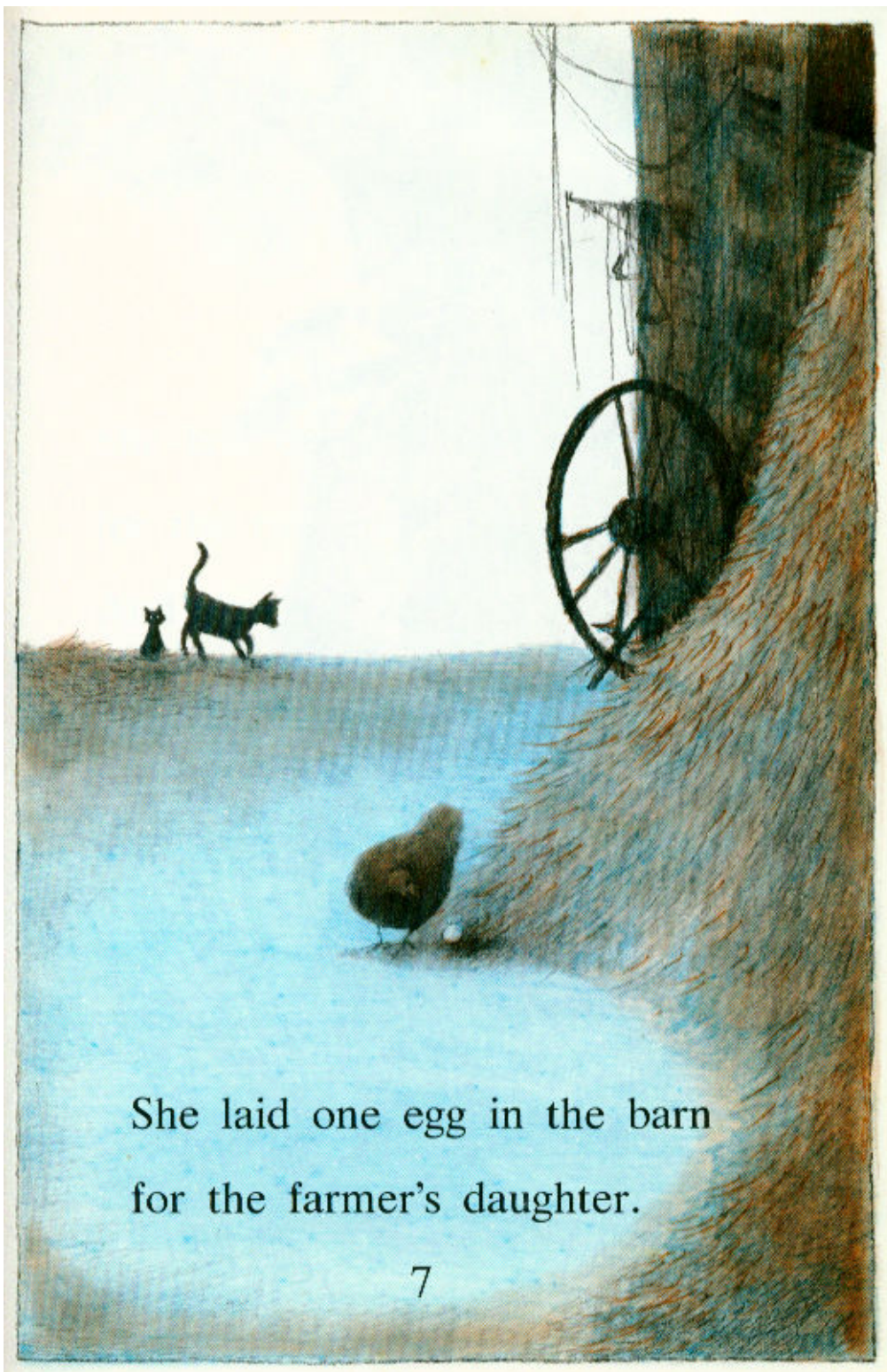





Broody Hen laid five eggs.

She laid one egg in the hen house
for the farmer's son.





She laid one egg in the barn
for the farmer's daughter.



She laid one egg in the meadow
for the ring-tailed raccoon.

And she hid one egg
in the violets
for the Easter rabbit.



“One, two, three, four,”

counted Broody Hen.

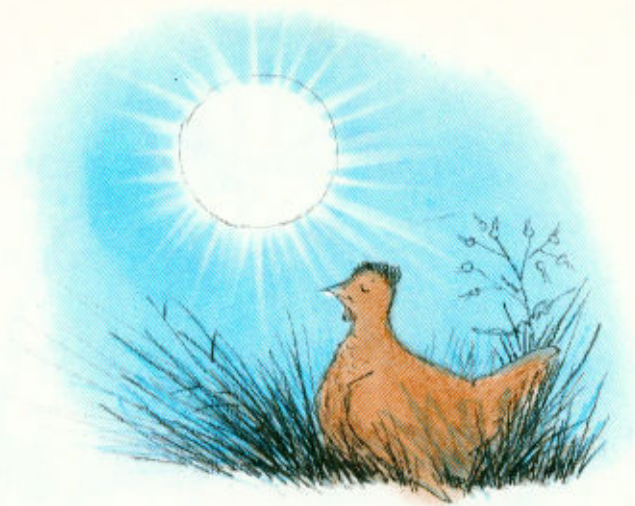
Then she laid one more egg.

“This one is for me,” she said.

And she fluffed out her feathers
and sat down on her egg.

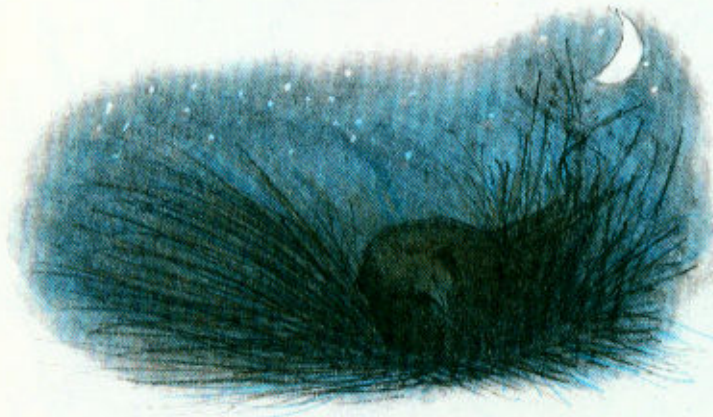


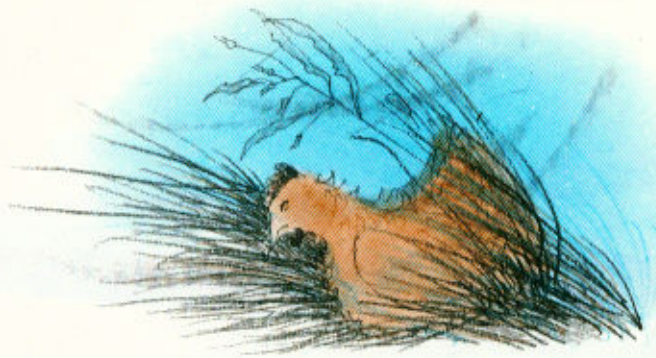




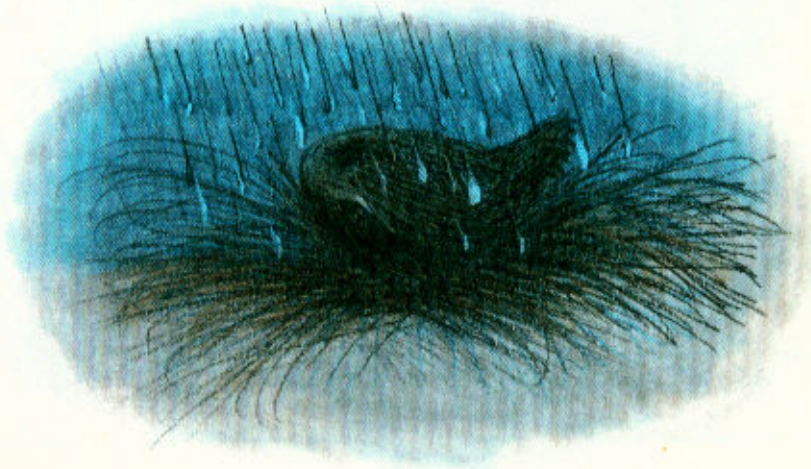
She sat on it all day
in the sun.

She sat on it all night
in the dark.

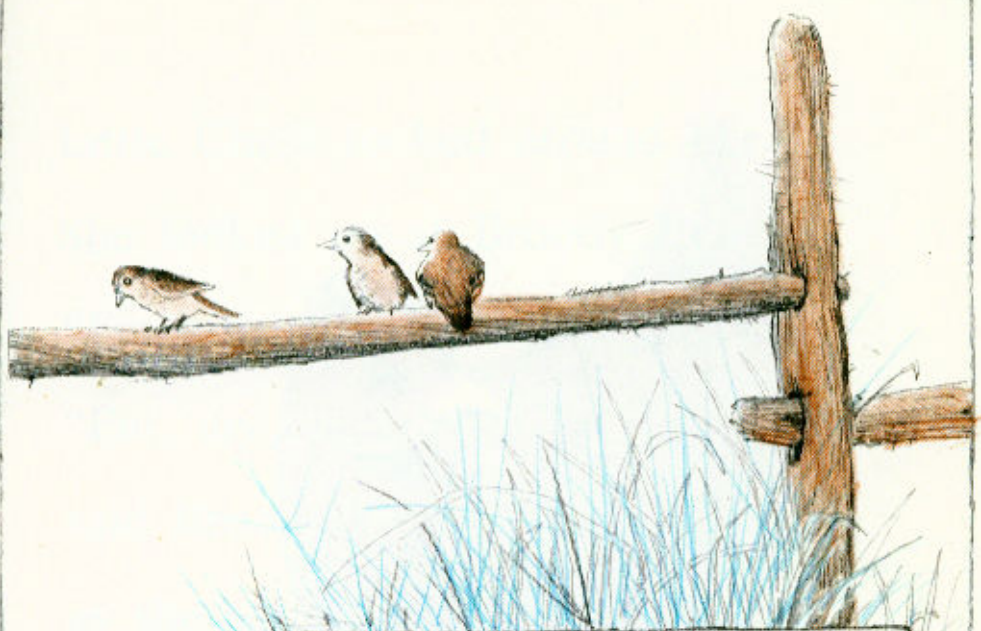




She sat on her egg
when the wind blew
and when it rained.

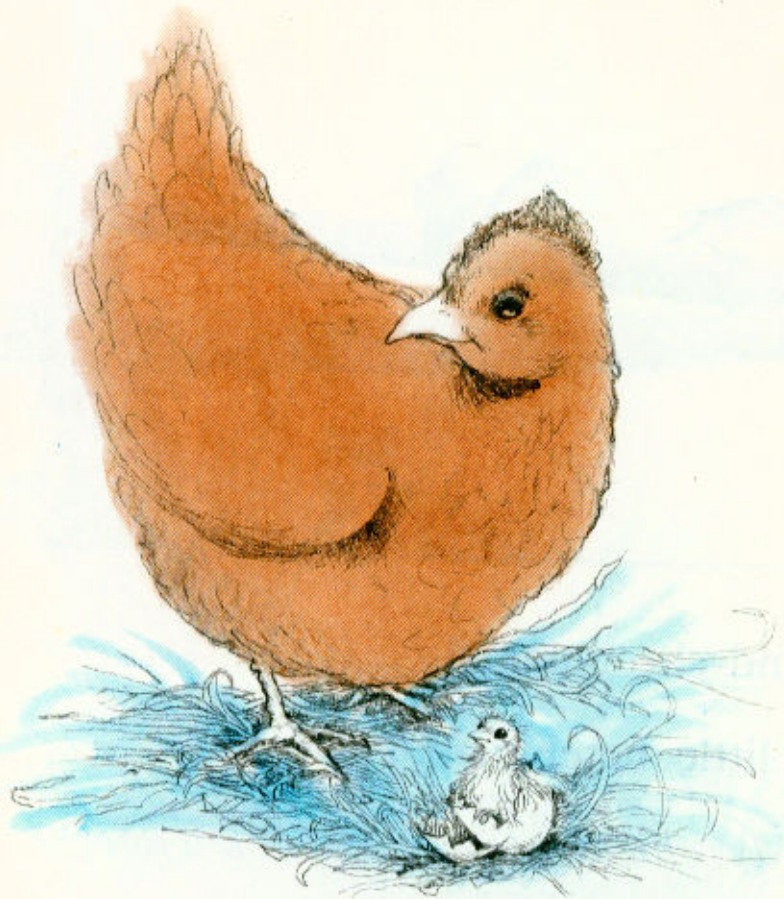






And she clucked
a little hatching-out song.

*"My chick-a-dee, my chick-a-dee,
my golden, downy chick-a-dee,
the sun is warm,
the wind blows free,
hatch out for me, my chick-a-dee."*




And then one sunny, windy day
her egg hatched open.
And out came Little Chick.

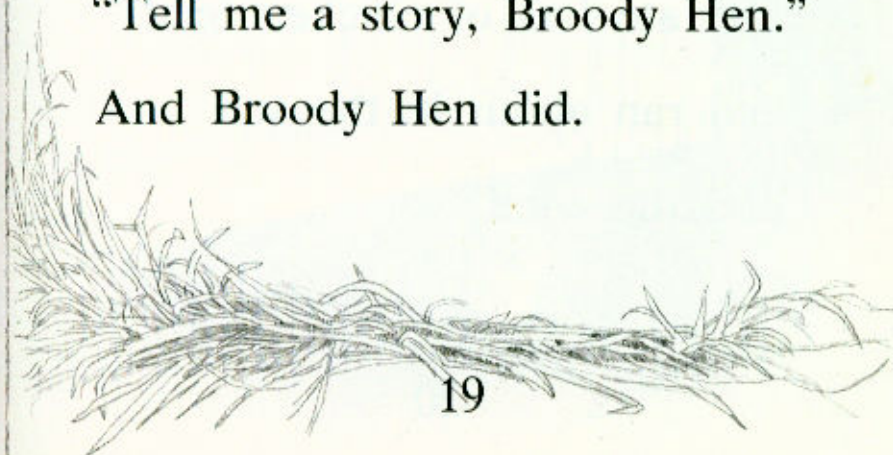
Little Chick looked around her.
She looked up at Broody Hen.
“I’m hungry,” said Little Chick.
“Eat, my chick-a-dee,”
said Broody Hen,
as she scratched up chicken feed.
Little Chick ran behind her,
pecking and eating,
until her stomach was full.







In the evening Little Chick
crept under Broody Hen's wing.
She peeked out at the dark
and the stars,
and said,
"Tell me a story, Broody Hen."
And Broody Hen did.





“Once upon a time,” she said,
“there was a golden, downy
Little Chick.

She ate lots of chicken feed
and ran about in the sun
and the wind.





And she grew strong
and big



until she was a strong,
big Broody Hen.

Then she laid five eggs.

She laid one egg in the hen house
for the farmer's son.





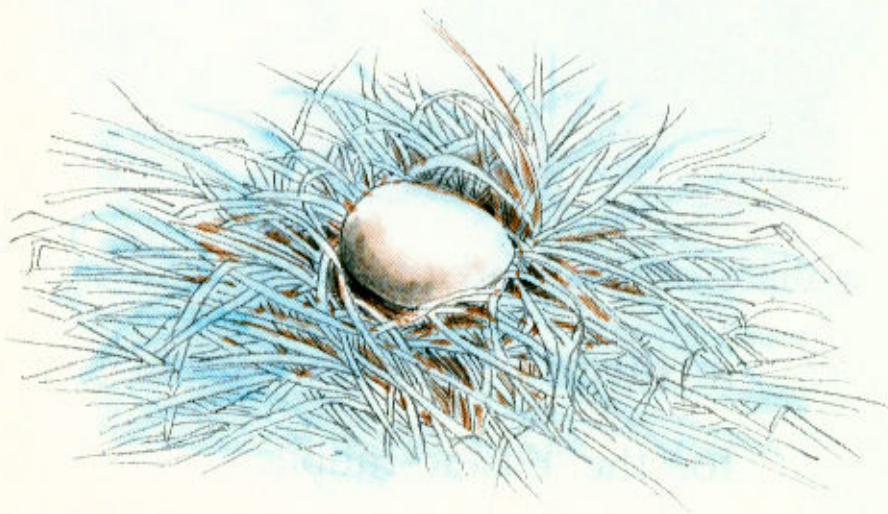


She laid one egg in the meadow
for the ring-tailed raccoon.



And she hid one egg
in the violets
for the Easter rabbit.

Then that Little Chick,
grown strong and big
as a Broody Hen,
counted *One, two, three, four.*
And then she laid
one more egg...."





“Just for herself?”
asked Little Chick.



“Yes,” said Broody Hen,
“just for herself.”

Then Little Chick snuggled up
close to her mother.
And in the dark night,
under the stars,



Little Chick went to sleep.

